

It would be well for us to pause just here for serious thought, that the mighty import of this proposition may make itself felt upon us. As the woman who has once held to her bosom her own offspring, and felt the rapturous pleasure of contemplating the new life which marks the transition from maid to matron, so the Christian whose life has been renewed by contact with a higher and diviner life, is lost in holy rapture when he contemplates its results. "Peace with God! Blessed, precious, glorious, state! What is its true and full meaning? Does it mean that God has been angry with us and is now no longer angry? Does it mean an innocent, inoffending victim has been snatched up and flung, willing or unwilling, to satisfy the anger of an omnipotent power and now we are no longer in danger of his wrath? This seems inconsistent with our thought of God as Love! Let us get clear and correct ideas on this matter. Has God ever been angry with us? Is there any evidence any where to show that God is now, or ever has been at any time, angry with us and waging war against us? What is the story you read in all nature, animate and inanimate, around you? Walk out on a bright early May morning and ask what you see and hear around you if God is angry. Take your lens and examine that "wee modest crimson tipped flower" of Burns or our own dark blue wayside violet. Study it in its most intricate structure. Its gross and minute formation. Its architecture and its physiology; its coloring, shading, and habits, and say if you can see any sign of God's anger in it.

Sit down on that rock yonder in the fragrant shade of the hoary oak and study the mosses and lichens which come to your hand, as it were, at your bidding. Chip off a piece of limestone rock on which you rest and study it. Recall all you know about its origin, structure, formation, composition, uses, capabilities, everything you can possibly find out about it. Close your eyes and dreamily listen. Above your head you hear the cheerfully, noisy chatter of a pair of squirrels playing at the squirrel's game of "prisoners base" and you think how like a pair of happy free-hearted children they are! In the

very top of the tree a little songster hardly bigger than your thumb is already splitting his throat while he fills your whole being with his joyous melody. And as you lie there with eyes closed listening to the song of birds and the chatter of squirrels, and thinking of rock, moss, lichen and tree, you wonder if it can be possible, that God *has* been angry with this creation; and your whole nature responds with an impetuous, *No!* In your imagination go back to the time when "darkness covered the face of the deep" when "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Study the story the Scientific geologist has to tell, from the earliest rock formations down to the completed world, and find anything which goes to show that God has ever been angry with man.

Everything has been arranged that infinite Love could suggest. Vast measures of coal and ores were deposited long before man's advent. Millions of gallons of oil and gas were held ready to give him heat and light. Earth, sea and air, were stocked abundantly to provide for his wants in every direction. And yet men shut their eyes to all these and God is angry with man. Stop just a moment and contemplate your own self.

Think of your own anatomy and physiology! of artery and vein, of muscle and nerve, of bone brain, all brought together; so much alike in chemical composition and yet so widely differentiated in structure and function.

Truly of all God's creations, man shows the greatest marks of design on the part of his Creator. They tell me study of the sciences tends to make men skeptics; but it does seem to me that the deeper I am able to look into the mysteries of God's natural laws, the more clearly I can see the beauty of the divine law. It is the same plan in both, and as Bryant beautifully says after watching the unerring flight of the wild goose led by what we call instinct.

"He who from zone to zone

Guides through the boundless sky
thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread
alone

Will guide my steps aright."

I submit that God is not now and

never has been angry at man as we understand the word "anger" and that St. Paul's use of the word "peace" has a deeper and far more profound and beautifully meaning than simply a cessation of hostilities on His part.

The fundamental idea of "peace" is tranquility, harmony, quiet, rest. Being unrighteous our lives are not tranquil. We lead a disturbed and disordered existence. But, being rightened, all the disturbance and disorder passes out of our lives. It is as though two wheels were geared at different rates of speed and so arranged that the cogs of one came in contact with those of the other occasionally. The one wheel is unbreakable but the other can be broken. Round they go each on its own course and whenever they touch the second wheel suffers. Here and there a cog is broken off until the wheel can not move around in a smooth regular way, but goes round in a halting, irregular and disordered course. Such is the life that is out of harmony with God's life. There is "war" between the two. But bring the wheels closer together. Let the cogs of the second wheel fit closely into those of the first and all friction and disorder is gone. Both move along easily, smoothly and regularly. Neither is damaged because they fit together smoothly and harmoniously. So with the soul that is rightened by faith in God. It fits into its proper place. It fills quietly and without a jar the place God has designed for it and there is "peace." That is, the soul is calm and tranquil and undisturbed, knowing that "neither death nor life nor angels * * * nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord," When one's life fits closely into God's life then he truly has "peace." Nothing in all life can compare with this supreme prize.

The fabled philosopher's stone which was to turn by its touch base metals into pure gold here finds its most wonderful counterpart. This "peace" which passeth all understanding comes into a cold, hard, common, life and transforms a man into a saint. Trials, difficulties, losses come but the man can say none of these things move me, neither count I my life as dear unto myself. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Fairplay, Md.